



BALLAD

BY

GEORGE LINLEY.

# E V A .

"I sent for you all, because I love you; I love you all; and I have something to say to you, which I want you always to remember \*\*\* I'm going to leave you; \*\*\* and I want to give you something that, when you look at, you shall always remember me I am going to give all of you a curl of my hair, and when you look at it, think that I loved you and am gone to Heaven, and that I want to see you all there."— *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Written and Composed by GEORGE LINLEY.

ANDANTE PATETICA .

VOICE .

PIANO .

FORTE .

*mf*

Oh! ga... ther round me

*Ritard*

*p*

those I love, My strength fades fast from me; . . . . . My

heart, like some poor, wea--ried dove, Now sighs at rest to

*Rall*

be . . . . . I'm go--ing to the Spi--rit's Land, Where

*Tempo.*

An---gels vi---gil keep: . . . . . I soon shall join that

happy band, I've gaz'd on through my sleep. Oh!

*Rall.* *Tempo*

pray that, you may come to me, When world---ly trou--bles

cease ; . . . . Where Souls u--nite, from sor--row free, In.

*Rall.* Love, . . . and Joy, and Peace . . . . .  
*f*

This

last, sad to ken of my love, In mem'ry of me, wear;... Oh!

think I'm gone to Heav'n a-bove, E--ter--nal bliss to share... I

*Rall.* *Tempo.*

feel the friendly hand of death, Up-----on my trembling

heart:.... Fare - well! re - ceive my la--test breath, In

*Rall.* *Tempo*

Fondness, ere we part. Oh! pray that, you may

come to me, When world-ly trou-les cease; . . . . Where.

*Rall*

Souls u-nite, from sor-row free, In Love, and Joy, and

Peace . . . .

*Ritard*

*f*

# NEW VOCAL MUSIC.

## The Three best Ballads

OF THE  
THREE MOST POPULAR BALLAD WRITERS OF THE DAY.

### Never again!

BY THE COMPOSER OF  
**JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.**

Price 2s.

#### NEVER AGAIN!

Ah! never again, when spring's earliest flowers,  
With prodigal odours are gladdening the earth,  
Shall you and I sit in that sweetest of bowers,  
Where the first and the last of Love's feelings had birth;  
No more shall we gaze on the summer's gay splendour,  
At that hour when the heart is most trusting and fond,  
Nor watch the bright stars with emotions as tender  
And pure as the angels that worship beyond!

Never again!

Each season of joy to the earth as it changes,  
But varies the chord of my desolate grief,  
A sorrow no moment of gladness estranges,  
And Time brings no solace, and Hope no relief.  
Thy coldness, thy falsehood, have caused me to wander  
Alone through a world of dejection and pain;  
While my heart must ever unceasingly ponder  
Those words of deep bitterness, NEVER AGAIN!

Never again!

"These Songs must assuredly become very popular, and will probably surpass the great favourites of these writers,—as plaintive English Ballads they are unexceptionable."—*HERALD*, January 1852.

### We lov'd, but to part,

BY THE  
COMPOSER OF **CONSTANCE.**

Price 2s.

#### WE LOV'D, BUT TO PART.

We lov'd, but to part, we are sever'd for aye;  
The dreams of the heart have too soon pass'd away;  
We shall meet never more in the gay, happy throng;  
Nor join, as of yore, in the dance and the song.

All my hopes, like autumn leaves, now are strewn unto the blast;  
And my soul in secret grieves o'er the days that are pass'd.  
Ah! the sweet smile is gone, which would welcome and cheer;  
That voice's soft tone greets no longer mine ear.

It were vain to conceal thou wert dear to this heart,—  
It is madness to feel that we lov'd, but to part;  
How dark and o'ercast all in life now doth seem,  
I wake from the past, as from some troubled dream.

Ev'ry scene, priz'd before, now is gloomy as night,—  
My pulse throbs no more with a sense of delight.  
All my flow'rs neglected bloom, the glad bird in vain doth trill;  
For my heart, like some lone tomb, now feels dreary and chill.

Ah! the sweet smile is gone, which would welcome and cheer;  
That voice's soft tone greets no longer mine ear.  
It were vain to conceal thou wert dear to this heart,—  
It is madness to feel that we lov'd, but to part!

### Friends of my Youth,

BY THE COMPOSER OF  
**THE IRISH EMIGRANT.**

Price 2s.

#### FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH!

Where are the friends of my youth?  
Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone?  
And why have they dropt with the leaf?  
Ah! why have they left me to mourn?  
Their voices still sound in mine ear,—  
Their features I see in my dreams,—  
And the world is a wilderness drear,  
As a wide-spreading desert it seems.  
Ah! where are the friends of my youth?

Say, can I ever again,  
Such ties can I ever renew?  
Or feel those warm pulses again,  
Which beat for the dear ones I knew.  
The world as a winter is cold,  
Each charm seems to vanish away,  
My heart is now blighted and old,  
It shares in all nature's decay!  
Ah! where are the friends of my youth?

## Three Songs by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

The Murmur of the Shell . . 2s.

The Emigrant Mother . . 2s.

Pray for those at Sea! . . 2s.

#### THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL.

A Sallor left his native land,  
A simple gift he gave,  
A sea-shell, gather'd by his hand,  
From out the rippling wave.  
"Oh, love, by this remember me!  
Far inland thou must dwell;  
But thou shalt hear the sounding sea,  
In the murmur of the shell."  
Ah! woe is me! with tatter'd sail,  
The ship is wildly tost,—  
A drowning cry is on the gale,  
They sink—and all are lost!  
While happy yet, untouch'd by fear,  
Repeating his farewell,  
Poor Mary smiles, and loves to hear  
The murmur of the shell.  
The tidings wreck'd her simple brain,  
And aching still she goes—  
A mad girl—reckless of her pain,  
Unconscious of her woes!  
But when they ring the village chimers  
That toll'd her lover's knell,  
She sighs, and says, she hears at times,  
Death-music in the shell!

#### THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

Oh! slumber thou, my darling, though stormy seas we brave,  
The land that rock'd thy cradle, we leave beyond the wave;  
Another home we crave!  
My tears, my tears are falling, and thou too young to know  
How much in all my grieving, thou hast thy share of woe.  
Thou know'st not that thy mother, who rocks thee on her knee,  
Is weeping for the father, who hath forsaken thee!  
But slumber thou, my lone one, on this aching breast,  
The heaving of thy sorrow shall lull my babe to rest.  
Sleep, sleep, slumber soft, my child!  
Oh! lone, unconscious dear one! when thou a man shalt be,  
And far away in England thy father's face shall see,  
Bid him remember me!  
And say, when winds were raging, and waves dashed wild and  
In livid darkness shrouded, I fear'd not then to die! [high,  
With patient heart I waited the will of Heaven above,  
Life's wave had departed the day I lost his love!  
My arms around thee folding, on thee I fixed my gaze,—  
The one dear link remaining, to home and happy days!  
Sleep, sleep, slumber soft, my child!

#### PRAY FOR THOSE AT SEA!

On lone and wide and trackless  
Lies the waste and dreary main,  
By its waves dear friends are parted,  
On its rocks are death and pain!  
Where the long pale shores are gleaming  
What solemn thoughts should be!  
Forgive the dead, the absent,  
Oh! pray for those at sea!  
On land a taper burneth,  
By the sick man's fevered bed,  
By his side a woman kneeleth,  
And in tears her prayers are said.  
Her children slumber calmly,  
Who orphans soon shall be,  
One son alone is absent,—  
Oh! pray for those at sea!  
The wild north wind is wailing—  
O'er the drear and dark'nd land,  
The waves are wildly foaming  
As they roll towards the strand,  
In the crack and roar of tempests  
What helpless men may be?  
Oh, kneel! for Heaven is angry,  
And pray for those at sea!

## Two Sacred Songs by John Barnett.

The Sabbath Eve . . 2s. 6d.

He that Gathereth in Summer . . 2s. 6d.

#### The Sabbath Eve!

It is a Sabbath eve! the light of Sunday fills my heart,  
And gleameth through my spirit's night, and bids its gloom depart.  
For I have heard sweet, solemn things, and holy voices say  
My soul should plume its silver wings, and fly from sin to-day.  
It is a Sabbath eve! the morn saw the dear church-path trod,  
By which the weary and the worn go forth to meet their God.  
My younger hymn was like the lark, pean'd in brighter mood;  
But when I went into that ark, I felt myself more good.  
do. do. do.

#### He that Gathereth in Summer.

He that gathereth in Summer,  
And obeys the sunshine word,  
He shall wreath his crown with flowers  
From the garden of the Lord.  
Then when Winter hovers round him,  
Death shall point his way from care  
To the heav'n that faithful found him,  
He shall reap his harvest there.  
do. do. do.

CHAPPELL, 50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.